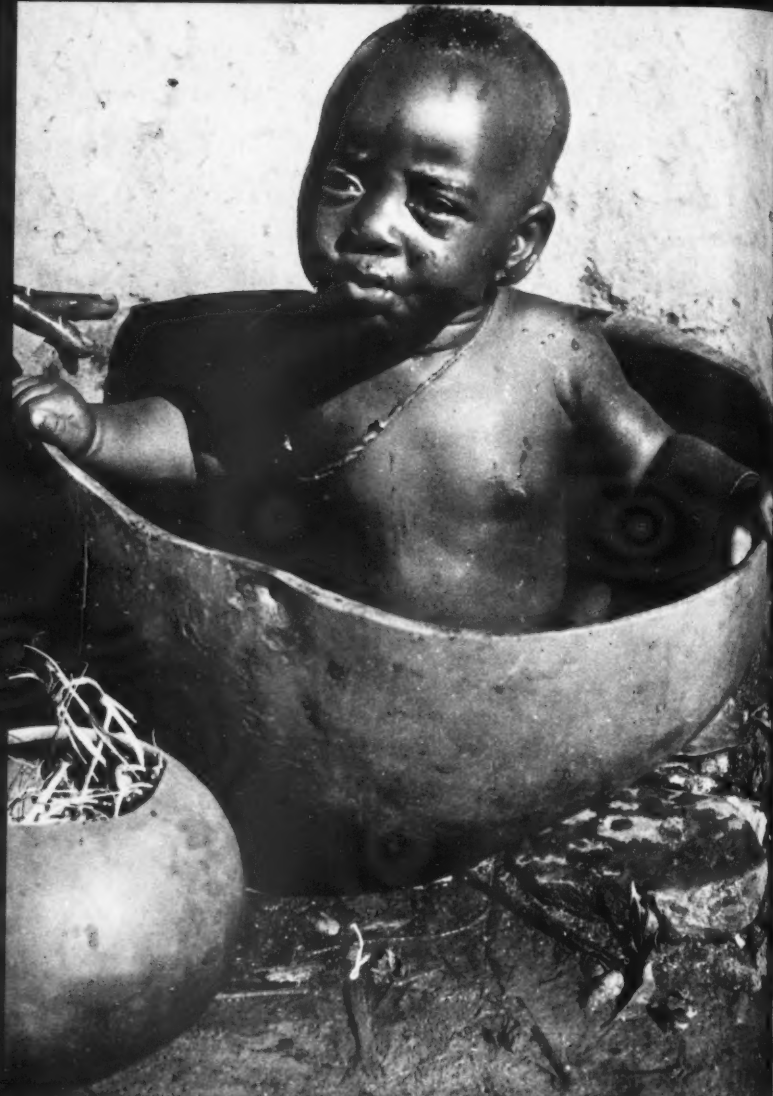


APRIL 1961

# Maryknoll





**PLAY PEN.** For this African child, poverty is not hopeless. His over-size gourd becomes a boat, rocking horse, crib, or bathtub.

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## FOCUS on the features



# Maryknoll

MAGAZINE

Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America, Inc.

"...to those  
who love God  
all things work  
together for good."

Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

**The Maryknoll Fathers**  
Maryknoll, New York



MARYKNOLL is published monthly by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., Maryknoll, New York. Subscription: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years. Second class postage is paid at Maryknoll, N. Y. The title, MARYKNOLL, was registered with the United States Patent Office, June 3, 1958.

Vol. LV No. 4

April, 1981

### ● dancing on the ceiling

Americans break life's monotony with movies, ballgames, barbecues; but in Peru and Bolivia, the word is fiesta! All it needs are a colorful costume, strong feet and an ear for mountain music. Page 14.

### ● rising sun, bright faces

Beginning page 2, a photo-study of the Japanese illustrates the diversity of blood strain and culture that has blended to form a charming people.

### ● bush-happy holdouts

Despite pressures, Africans are retaining tribal customs, reminding men that individualism is democratic. Page 46.

### ● the last loneliness


A tragic story written by Father Jerome Murphy, page 52, tells of a young Oriental who walked as a stranger, searching for something he didn't have time to find.

### ...and in between

The price of friendship in Tanganyika is high: in fact, after reading what Father Tom McGovern has to say in "Among Friends," page 20, we're tempted to agree with the Sicilian bandit. And then, from the other side of the world, one of our Maryknollers gives, on page 31, a brief insight into Korean affability—the four wheeled variety. From Guatemala, on page 28, a vivid account of an Indian Holy Week drama, by Father Joseph Grassi. Special: "Madonna of the Palms," page 32.







# THE MANY FACES OF JAPAN

*A nation in flux maintains its culture, beauty and traditions.*

**T**HE PEOPLE of Japan are an amalgam of many stocks with Mongoloid and Malayan strains predominating. Their basic cultural patterns have been borrowed from China and Korea but—like the British—the Japanese have developed as an insular nation, and given their borrowed culture its own characteristics.

When Father Theodore M. Kuechmann returned from Japan for a short visit with his family in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, he brought with him a collection of photographs that he used as an exhibit to show the diversities and ways of modern Japan. From this collection we have selected a few pictures to illustrate this same theme. More and more Americans are visiting Japan and seeing its beauty for themselves.

**Sumo men are nurtured to be giants and to star in a ritualistic sport.**



Age is respected in Japan, and old women may do, say as they please.

## THE WOMEN

ALTHOUGH tradition assigned women the role of respectful servant, first to her father, then to her husband, and finally to her son, Japan's women actually have great power within their family unit. Since World War II, the role of women has been changing. More are seeking careers outside the home, and they have greater freedom. Also, they now are able to vote.

Since Allied occupation, the women of Japan adopted Western ways.



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A beaming bride



MARYKNOLL

## THE CHURCH

NO MISSION Church is built on as strong a foundation as is the Church in Japan. A vigorous Japanese clergy is headed by its own hierarchy. Bishop Paul Furuya (left) is typical of the bishops of modern Japan. He directs the Kyoto Diocese where a large number of Maryknollers are at work.

Saint Francis Xavier introduced the Catholic Faith into Japan. The Church spread very rapidly until a bloody persecution halted its growth. Even so, a large body of Japanese preserved the Faith despite priestless centuries.

Since World War II when state Shintoism was abolished, Christianity has taken on new strength, growing in numbers and influence. New and beautiful churches are constantly being erected. Apostolic lay movements are reaching out to Japan's masses.

The submarine Ray was built to hunt the ships of Japan. Today its bell hangs in Father Kuechmann's church.





Shortly after birth, a Japanese child is formally introduced to relatives.

## THE CHILDREN

THE FAVORED people of Japan are its children. Family life centers about the children; and physical punishment, particularly for boys, is rarely used. Praise and ridicule are the sanctions

avored for training. As early as three years of age, the child enters kindergarten. There is a minimum of nine years of compulsory, free education, aimed at developing the pupil's personality and his ability to participate in community life.

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## The Woman with No Regrets

Pictures and background

by Edward Richardson, M.M.

*God, her husband, her children, make life for Theresa Kim of Korea.*

**T**HERESA KIM is a forty-one-year-old housewife of Chong Ju, Korea. Her husband is a college professor who teaches entomology. Like college professors almost everywhere, Bruno Kim is underpaid, and his wife must watch the family budget carefully. Hence, she raises poultry and sells eggs to supplement her husband's income. Even so, the Kim family is better off than the average Korean family.

God plays an important role in the life of Theresa Kim. To Him she attributes the many blessings enjoyed by her family. During the war the Kims suffered much. Theresa and Bruno had to take the children and flee southward as refugees to avoid being captured by the Communists.

"God gave us the courage to endure our trials," she philosophically recalls.

The Kims have five children. They are: Cunegunda, 19; John Vianney, 17; Matthew, 13; Mary Angela, 11; Anna, 8.

Their mother would like them all to become priests and Sisters. John Vianney is in the third year of minor seminary, and Matthew is an altar boy.

Theresa's day is a busy one. It takes her about an hour and a half to prepare each of the day's three meals. The meals themselves are somewhat monotonous from Western standards—rice, *kimchi* (a relish made from cabbages and peppers), bean sauce, and vegetables according to the season. Meat and fruit are served only on holidays and other special occasions.

Every fifth day the Chong Ju market is held, and then Theresa makes her major purchases; but she goes to market almost daily, to buy vegetables and small items. She has no refrigeration and therefore can preserve little food. An entire year's supply of *kimchi* is made at one time and kept outdoors in huge earthenware vats. Its odor becomes rich, if not fragrant.



The Kims own their home. The house has electricity but no running water. Theresa draws water from a well in the yard; she uses a bucket made from a large can. A shed has been built in one corner of the yard to serve as a toilet.

The part of housework that Theresa likes least is doing the family laundry. Koreans wear lots of white clothing, which is easily soiled; and with many children, the laundry quickly piles up. Theresa carries the dirty clothing to the river, about a half mile away, where she washes it by repeated rinsings and pounding on stones. In winter this becomes an especially unpleasant chore.

When the laundry is washed, Theresa carries it home and hangs it in her yard to dry. Korean women do not use

heat to iron laundry as in the West. Each article is placed on a broad flat stone and then "ironed" by being beaten rhythmically with two bat-like paddles. It is amazing how perfectly pressed the article becomes.

Another household chore that keeps Theresa busy is sewing. She makes about seventy per cent of the family's clothes. She takes great pride in having her children dressed neatly. She also has a garden, where she grows some vegetables and where she indulges in her hobby—raising flowers.

Theresa's social life is quite simple. Now and then she meets with the wives of her husband's fellow professors. Occasionally, she goes to lunch in the home of a Catholic woman friend. Conversation usually concerns the price of rice and other foods. When

**The Kim family makes its own entertainment. Music draws it together.**





Except for rice, the Kims' dinner is taken from common bowls of food.

Theresa and Father Raymond Sullivan discuss Legion of Mary business.



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Catholic women get together, they also talk about conversion work in their parish. Koreans do not desire mixed gatherings; men and women usually meet separately.

The members of the Kim family find joy in their own company. After the day's chores are done and the children's homework is finished, the Kims like nothing better than a musicale. The menfolk provide the music while the womenfolk dance. Mr. Kim plays the violin, John Vianney is proficient on the mandolin, and Matthew is becoming skilled on the harmonica.

Theresa's religion means a great deal to her. She is able to attend morning Mass on an average of four times a week. She would like to go more often, but breakfast and getting the children off to school prevent being absent from the house. The first thing the Kims do after they rise at half past five is to say morning prayers; and the last act of the family before its ten o'clock retirement is to say evening prayers. The Rosary, also, is recited in common each day.

Theresa is very friendly with her pastor, Father Raymond F. Sullivan, of Scarsdale, New York. She is president of the Legion of Mary in her parish, and she has to meet often with Father Sullivan to plan work for the Legion and the business of each meeting.

When Theresa was asked if she would change anything in her life if she could, she replied that God was good to her and that she had no regrets.

"When my children have grown up, there will only be one thing left for me—*heaven*," she added. "I have many happinesses, and all of them have been given to me by God." ■ ■



**Kimchi**, a Korean relish, is made outdoors and stored there in vats.

**Each night** the Kims gather before a small altar to recite the Rosary.





Quechua fiesta dress

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# The Dancers of Cloudland

An Andean Picture Story

**T**O SEE the Andean people of Peru and Bolivia at their most colorful, visit them during one of their many fiestas. Usually a fiesta is held in connection with some religious feast. If a priest is available, it will start with Mass and baptisms. Then there are dancing and laughter and a break in the monotony of life.



Fiesta time is baptism time. Father Garrity administers the Sacrament.





**The costume portrays Saint Michael to whom the Indians have devotion.**

**Flutes, drums, and whirling skirts are the ingredients for the dance.**



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**Miss Onlooker** dreams of the  
day when she'll be dancing.



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**Mountain dancing** requires  
strong lungs at an alti-  
tude of over 10,000 feet.



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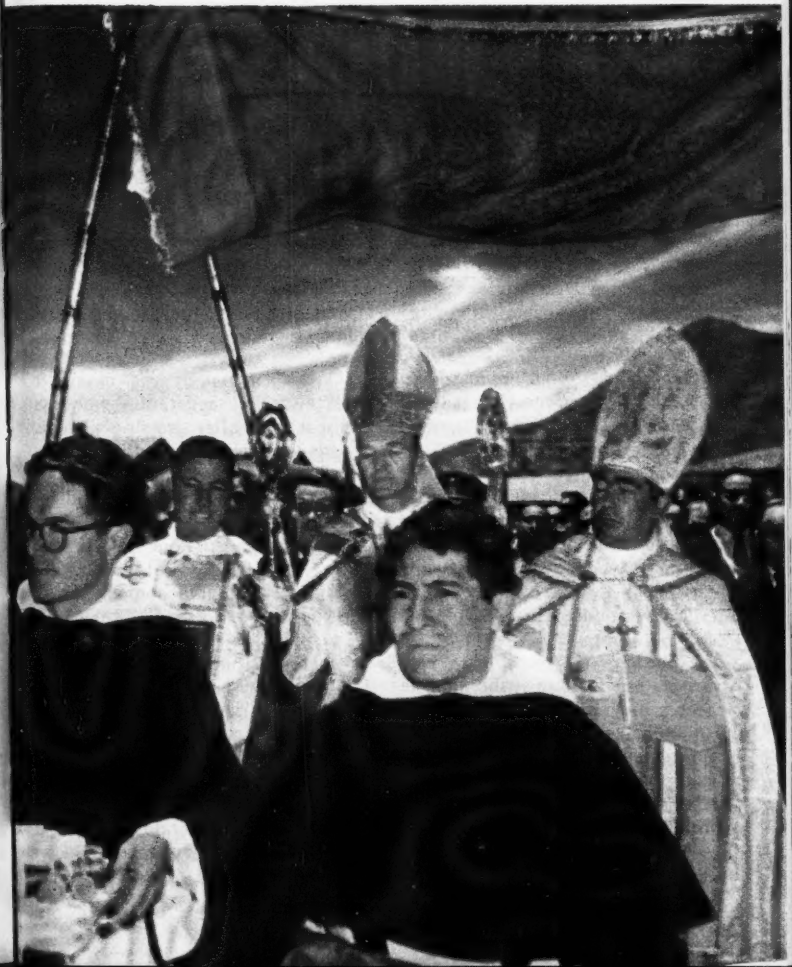
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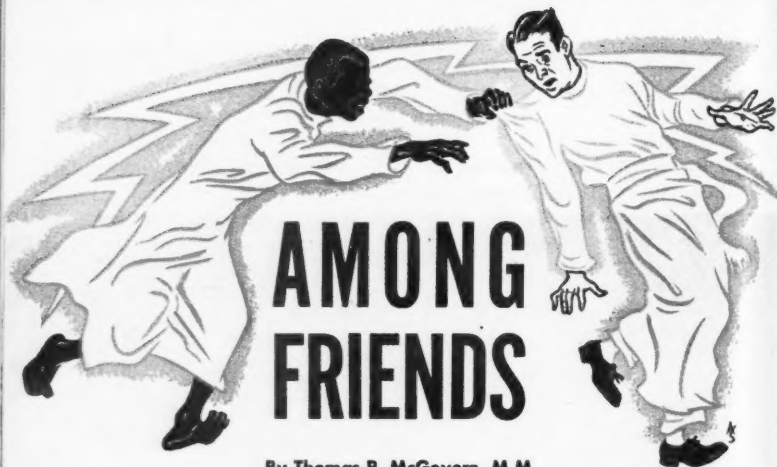


**Classic Indian profile as found among the Quechua of the Andean plateau.**



**Monsignor Edward L. Fedders (center), of Covington, Ky., is the prelate nullius of Juli, Peru. Bishop Albert Dettman, of Puno, is at his left.**





By Thomas P. McGovern, M.M.

*It's not who you are, but what you've got to give.*

**Y**OU my friend," or, "*Musani wani wo Kwamba.*" However they say it, watch out! Those words mean trouble.

A protestation of friendship in Tanganyika is equivalent to a pledge of unflagging pursuit; a chase, as it were, through knee-deep waters. The end is long and drawn out: a flashlight yesterday; a prayer book today; a shirt tomorrow. "Padri make believe angry. But he my friend. He give me his shoes." So it goes.

The burdens of friendship in East Africa are unequally distributed. The pleasures are not distributed at all: the other man gets everything. You are a priest, and you are a friend? Friend, you are asking for trouble. Basically your work will consist, if you wish to maintain your friendship at anything like white heat, of forgetting, forgiving, and giving—endlessly.

I know an experienced missionary here (this is no exaggeration) who says automatically after greeting anyone, "I forgot, I forgive—now what do you want?"

There is something to be said for this approach. For one thing, it saves time, enabling a missionary to greet and forgive more friends. But it seems, for all that, a trifle mechanical. There must be a more personal way.

In college we considered friendship not merely an idea, but a way of life. The ramifications—the philosophy, if you will—of friendship, could keep us going for hours as we sprawled over divans or wrapped ourselves in colored throw rugs beneath heavy bookshelves where the short stories of Hemingway, Faulkner and Fitzgerald gleamed in their Modern Library jackets. Everyone felt profound, alive. We were

touching the spring of something. Even the cold, white features of Goethe seemed to warm up. (The dead Goethe, I mean. His bust, above us.)

We had a lot to learn, of course. For who among us had heard of Africa's Bakwaya tribe? And did any collegian in that room suspect that friendship meant abrasion of spirit? That unending demands on one's time and resources could be utterly exhausting?

Alberto, by the way, is responsible for this outburst: Alberto Masini, my catechist at Mugaranjabo, a very intense young man, my friend.

He came in on a raiding expedition this morning, in the name of friendship; a gown for his wife; a bar of Lux soap; snuff for his father-in-law; money for his taxes; a copybook; colored chalk; an undershirt; some peppermints for his father-in-law; a bottle of holy water; a bottle of gasoline for cleaning; and, again for his father-in-law, three American cigarettes.

Alberto is high-strung, prim, intense, scoured. His main interests in life seem to be placating his father-in-law and waging a relentless war against tattletale gray. Not to be merely clean, but to glow, to be spotless, absolutely brand new. He looks always, at any hour, as though he had just cut the red ribbon around his neck and stepped out of tissue paper. One would not be at all surprised to see a strand of tinsel in his well-oiled hair or a curl of wood shaving in his scrubbed ear.

And yet the village from which he emerges contains nothing less than the usual debris. And his wife. She is good natured and pretty in an overweight sort of way, though she will never win seals for good housekeeping. Childless, they own, among other things, a

chicken with a red, hairless neck, and a solidly built black dog that walks stiffly, as though bow-legged. The dog has a habit of staring at inanimate things—a rock, a tree, a piece of newspaper—with his tongue hanging out, breathing heavily. Sometimes, in a sort of frenzy, he jumps on people with all four cramped paws.

Like most people who make a cult out of personal hygiene, Alberto has a tendency to emphasize unessentials; also, he is something of a martinet. But it is a pleasure to watch the grace with which he skips and glides from aisle to aisle, questioning the catechumens, flaring his spotless, red cloak as a ballerina might. One is reminded of stage shows at the Roxy. And indeed, in temperament Alberto is a match for any performer—being explosive to an extreme, and swift to flash claws.

"The second Pope was Linus, not Dinus!" he snarls. Turning to me, he shakes his head in despair. "Hopeless, these Bakwaya! Absolutely hopeless! The name is Linus!" He is shouting now. "Linus. Say it, everybody. Linus! Again, Linus! Have you got it? Linus! Again, Linus! Once more, Linus! Again!"

My head is throbbing. The hut is small. The people are screaming "Linus." Thirty-nine, forty times.

"All right, Alberto. Fine!" I say, grabbing for the hem of his cloak as he whirls past me. "They have it now. Grand work! They understand."

But Alberto can be forgiven much because he too is, quite literally, a victim of friendship. His father-in-law has been a most alert, solicitous friend for years.

I first became aware of their touching relationship during the gala recep-

tion that we held to celebrate the opening of the Mugaranjabo mission. Alberto, as catechist, should have been enthroned next to me beneath the sisal arches. Instead, chair in hand, he kept following an old, whiskered gentleman wearing a red fez, who was given to sweeping gestures and sighs that could be heard half a mile away.

I recognized the man as Alberto's father-in-law, for he had given me a lecture on the value of religion, all religions. He himself was a Moslem, he confessed, smiling broadly, but he had the greatest respect for the *dini* of the children of Rome.

"The Great Spirit is one," he mused, "and all *dinis* are, shall we say, like, ah, well, so many fat branches on the—how shall we say it?—on the—oh, yes, on the tree of life."

Three or four long, straight whiskers fanned out on either side of his mouth, like quills; his smile was small, subtle. He looked like a most superior cat. Something in the yellow, depthless glint of his eyes told me that he would be the wrong man to toy with.

I finally caught up with Alberto. "Put that chair down," I said, "and drink your beer."

"I can't," he answered. "My father-in-law may want to sit down."

"Let him. He can find his own chair."

"But he's my friend!" he said, as if that should clear up everything.

And strangely enough, it did. Friendship explains so many aberrations.

"Oh," I said, "that's different. As long as he is your friend, I guess you really have no choice."

"That's it, *Padri!*" he exclaimed, and then leaped forward.

He was just in time, slipping the

chair expertly beneath his father-in-law who leaned back and sighed mightily, rustling the green crepe paper on the speaker's platform.

Later I managed to get the full story. It was indeed, as Alberto had indicated, a question of friendship. Like most married men, Alberto insists that his wife spend most of her time doing the usual chores—washing, cooking, or at least being at home. But his father-in-law has several large cotton, corn, and cassava fields and cannot be expected, at his age, to do all the cultivating himself. Hiring labor is expensive. But if one has a strapping daughter? It's a problem.

But not to friendship, not among friends. True, the father-in-law has every right in his advanced age to ask his married daughter for help. But he will not, because Alberto is his friend. Alberto, for his part, would be a cad to object to a daughter obeying the commands of her father. But he need not worry; as long, that is, as he remains a friend. And strangely enough, both parties are delighted with the arrangement.

"Look," people say, "the friends have come. How gently Alberto bears his father-in-law's chair!"

Eyes glisten. Such bare-faced felicity is a fragile, trembling thing. It's beyond me, I admit. Somehow, even though I cannot find the logical flaw, the arrangement does not seem just. I feel for Alberto. I have even tried convincing him. Useless! I remain silent now, acquiescing in their friendship.

But deep down inside, I cannot still a small voice that echoes the words of the shrewd but unfortunate Sicilian bandit: "God protect me from my friends." ■■



# The Card Sharks



By Thomas F. Gibbons, M.M.



**S**OONER or later, no matter where one is, one comes across characters. In Ireland I've seen tinkers with their donkey carts, annoying people by persistent pleas for handouts. In Europe gypsies roam with their uncouth ways, blights on any wholesome community. Our Wild West had its gamblers who set themselves up in lawless towns, making lawful ways more difficult.

Even here in East Africa, we find card sharks. These gamblers seldom venture to prosperous places, except where the beer is distilled into a potent liquor and the market is full of cattle sellers and trinket buyers.

Only the gamblers know how games of chance are played. They are willing to explain to anyone who wants to sit in for a few hands. Bettors are urged to stay in the game, by a few men in the crowd who are in league with the gamblers. A gambler loses a few hands, to encourage the dupe to empty his pockets to win even more.

There are few tricks these card sharks have not learned; cards are hidden in pockets, under rocks and sundry places. So dishonest does the game become that even the most naive

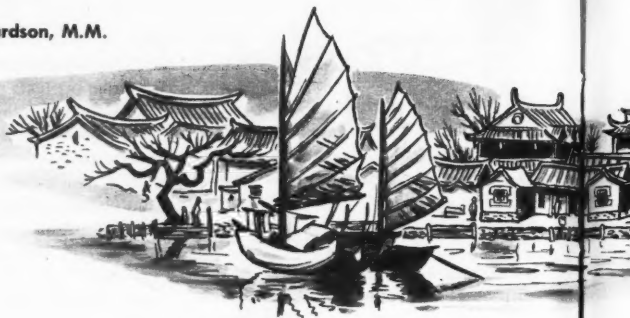
farmer soon realizes he is being cheated. When he protests the card sharks produce knives, hatchets, and clubs.

Gamblers travel in numbers of five or six, but do not make their numbers known until a customer protests he has been cheated. Then the sharks declare their honesty—along with the willingness to back up their claim by a good, clean fight, if anyone thinks he has been cheated. This game of bluff and show of brutal force, often frightens losers into departing—a bit wiser, but angry at the way they have been treated.

Recently card sharks outwitted a number of people, who were willing to lose shillings in an honest deal but not in a dishonest one. The losers departed quietly from the game and told their woes to their friends. With great numbers, they returned and gave the sharks a thorough beating; then hauled them off to the local police.

On the way, the sharks did everything they could to destroy the cards—the evidence—even trying to swallow them. The chief urged the sharks to give up their way of life. The chief explained, "If you settle down to the honest life of farming, you will at least have a longer life and no battle scars."

Africa is changing in many ways. New ideas and easy ways of making money capture the imaginations of unsettled types who like to roam. More dangerous than card sharks, are the moral "sharks" who teach people half truths—like hidden card tricks—to people willing to take a chance to better themselves and not yet knowing all the rules of the "game" or realizing how much harm may be done. ■■



## Big Armor Gets a Fa

*Here's a man who has a weapon to wield against red tape*

**T**ACHIA (Big Armor) is a town of 20,000 people, located on the Formosan Strait, about halfway down the coast of the island of Formosa. The townspeople are shopkeepers, mechanics, and salesmen. The 47,000 other people in our parish are farmers or fishermen.

Big Armor has a small milk canner, a couple of flour mills, and several machine shops—not exactly a Detroit. As a result, people are moving from Big Armor to the big cities.

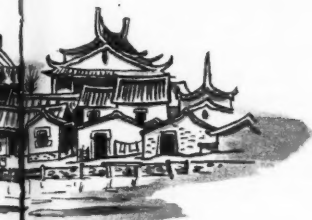
Some of those who remain make hats and mats. A fine grass is grown locally, and from it hats, similar to Panamas, are handwoven. The mats, too, are woven of grass; used for bed covers they are just the thing—strong, smooth and lightweight.

The local fishermen ply heavy bamboo rafts, turned up at the ends, out into the Formosan Strait. Several miles offshore they catch a wide variety of

fish, including hammerhead sharks, on drop lines. Many fishermen are farmers, too, planting rice twice a year.

Father Joe McDonald established a Catholic mission in Tachia in 1952. The present pastor, Father Jack Curran, has been in Tachia for four years; his curate arrived last August. Tachia's baptismal register lists 727 Catholics, but nearly 300 of them have moved away. Most of them were mainlanders in the Chinese Army, who were reassigned to other areas. Reassignment of Army families is very common here and poses a problem for new Catholics. They must look up a new pastor and get acquainted with a new group of Catholics. I suspect that many new Catholics fall away from the Faith, in such shuffles.

Big Armor has four Taiwanese men as catechists; plus three mainland Chinese Sisters, and a Taiwanese girl companion for each of the latter. Despite



# Face-Lifting

*—a heavy, iron crowbar!*

a staff of ten people plus two priests, working for conversions, there were only 60 baptisms here last year, thirteen of them infants of Catholics. Converts must run a gantlet of social pressures. One is a laughing campaign, applied by local pagans. Another is grandmother trouble. The grand dame of the household (the husband's mother) fights against any of the clan who want to enter the church, for fear that there might be no one to burn incense for her after she dies.

At present, the men catechists are running six catechumenates; in the largest, 60 people are studying. Catechists revisit places where catechumenates were held in the past but the catechumens refused baptism.

Public transportation facilities on Formosa are good. But once you leave a main road, you wait for hours if you depend upon busses. Nearly all catechumenates are held at night, and

busses don't run after 7:00 P.M. As a result, the priests usually ride their motorcycles out into the country. Most men would prefer to travel by Jeep or truck, especially since Father Rocco Franco's death on a "murdercycle."

Big Armor's rectory has a wall-mounted crank-driven telephone. Recently Father Curran asked the telephone company to move it to a more convenient location. They countered with reams of bright, red tape—fourteen forms to be filled out before the job could be done. Probably the phone company knew the vintage of our "Graham Bell Special" and were afraid it would crumble to dust.

Cutting the red tape with a wrecking bar, we decided to move the museum piece ourselves. "I'll run the wire right through this wall," a mechanically minded helper said.

"Impossible!" I retorted. "That wall is eighteen inches thick."

Twenty minutes later, A-sin had his iron bar through. Then, for the first time, I realized that our rectory is nothing but mud, with a brick facade. We have been saying a few prayers that future earthquakes will be gentle.

Craftsmen in Taiwan are clever. They can fix just about any machine and can copy anything under the sun. When it comes to colors, their taste runs to reds, yellows, and orchid. After we decided to dress up the doctrine-recreation room, I bought the paint. I made sure that the painters mixed wall paint to just a suggestion of yellow, to be bordered by a dark green.

Then I was called away. I returned to find the job finished and well done. All except the ceiling. That had become a Princeton orange! Oh well! At least it's not orchid. ■■

# THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T BE BRIBED



*Yanking Dad's blankets off  
on a Sunday morning  
could set off an explosion.*

By Thomas E. McKee, M.M.

ONE EVENING we were holding catechism examinations for Catholic children. This was in Pusan, Korea, where the parish is huge, and November, when doctrine examinations were due for all adults and children. In the evening we had droves. They whom we knew well came in smiling and at ease; those who did not speak to the priests often, were restrained. Some were afraid because they had been weak about Mass attendance or prayers; they were uncertain whether we would be nice about that. We are always nice, but also firm.

I did not know a quiet, unsmiling, Korean boy who came with a young woman. But he was confident and, for a boy of eleven, he knew the doctrine well. I ascertained that he was faithful to Mass obligations and private devotions. I inquired whether his parents were preparing for baptism.

The pleasant young woman, mother of a fine Catholic family, spoke up: "This boy belongs to a neighbor family. He plays with my children, and that's how he was introduced to the Church. He made a long, satisfying preparation and was baptized. I feel," the woman said, "that it is my obligation to see that the boy practices his Faith. His mother and sister are preparing for baptism, but his father is a stiffer problem. Let Stephen tell that."

The lad explained that his father is an office worker and quite busy. His associates are pagan, his background is pagan; he simply isn't interested. He is devoted to his children and as Stephen persistently demanded that his father come with him to Mass on Sundays, his father continually promised, but never did.

One Sunday morning, Stephen arose,

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dressed and prepared to go to Mass. His father was asleep. Stephen decided he had had enough of promises. So he went over and hauled off his father's blankets. This is a risky move in any country, but perhaps slightly more so in Korea—daring, to the point of tempting annihilation.

"You promised to go with me," Stephen said.

"I'm tired this morning," his father replied, with admirable patience. "You go along, and I'll go with you next week."

"You promised! I want you to go with me this morning."

His father put his hand into a bureau drawer, took a ten-*hwan* bill and tried a little bribery. "Take this, and run along. I promise to go with you next week."

"No," answered Stephen, pushing his luck. "I want you to go to Mass with me this morning. You promised."

"Then take this." He extracted a 100-*hwan* note and handed it to the boy. "Now go to church, or you'll be late."

A 100-*hwan* bill is a lot of money to offer an eleven-year-old, yet Stephen refused it. There was a great deal of devotion to Mass here, of realization

of the value of having his father share in it.

"Get up," Stephen insisted. "You promised you would go this morning."

But his father was down and had every intention of staying down. Without speaking, he waved no less than a 500-*hwan* note in the direction of the boy, who refused it. The father upped the stakes to the level of higher finances. He handed the boy a 1,000-*hwan* bill—and the boy refused.

At this point, I had quite forgotten about the other people waiting for catechism examinations. There were many alternatives: the father would explode or get up; or Stephen would give in, take this huge sum of money, and go alone; or he would keep pressing his luck.

The ending astonished me. Both sides quietly withdrew. Stephen, recognizing the futility of carrying the matter further at that time, courteously refused any money at all, and went with his mother to Mass. His father returned the money to the drawer and went back to sleep.

Stephen told me about that Sunday morning of one year ago. Stephen's father still does not attend Mass. Will he ever begin? ■ ■

**It's what's up front that counts!** "Up front" is the return address on your package for Maryknoll missions. To be sure, our missionaries appreciate your generous gifts of clothing, medicine, slide projectors, religious articles, and tape recorders; but without your name and address on your package, we are unable to say, "Thank you!" It would be a great help in speeding up our acknowledgments, if you would use plain, block letters for your return address. Something like the following would be splendid:

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# *The Bread Robbers of Holy Week*

*By Saturday, exhausted Indians are falling asleep in church.*

**By Joseph A. Grassi, M.M.**

**T**HE approach of Easter posed many problems for the parish of the Assumption, in Colotenango, Guatemala. The Ladinos (persons of mixed blood) were accustomed to present in drama form the events of Holy Week—but they accompanied their dramatics with much drinking and neglect of church services. That custom set a bad example for the Indians—an example very hard to overcome.

To try to remedy the situation, we invited all the men of the pueblo to

come to a meeting. A Holy Week Committee was set up, with the purpose of securing a reverent celebration of the mysteries of Holy Week. At the meeting everyone pledged cooperation. The dramas were to be carefully practiced under the eyes of the Padre, and the performers solemnly promised to attend the church services.

We were quite pleased with the results. The dramatization of the events of Holy Week, including the crucifixion, were presented in vivid fashion. At the same time, Ladinos of the pueblo attended in good numbers.

For Wednesday of Holy Week, the Ladinos have a rather unusual custom. They dress up a figure as Judas, and carry him around the various homes to "rob" bread. I have not been able to find the origin of this practice, but it is highly popular in this part of Guatemala.

The people wait for the arrival of "Judas," and then bring out their bread so that he will not enter to seek it. The bread is then distributed to the poor. In some pueblos there is much abuse and damage as a result of this custom, although it seems to have been orderly here. The procession to the homes started off with a marimba, which was quickly silenced as not being appropriate for Holy Week.

The Mass on Holy Thursday evening was well attended. The ceremony of the washing of the feet was enacted, with twelve catechists taking the parts of the Twelve Apostles.

After the Mass, a table was set up in the patio of the churchyard, and the Ladinos acted out the Gospel narrative of the Last Supper. Following this, everyone went to the garden of the school, where the betrayal by Judas was vividly presented. The soldiers then took Jesus to a prison, which had been improvised from pine branches. The soldiers acted out their parts exceptionally well.

About nine o'clock, on Good Friday morning, the drama continued with the sentence by Pontius Pilate. Then Jesus was scourged and crowned with thorns. Next, a procession wound slowly up to Calvario, where there is a small church. There the crucifixion took place.

Up to this point, everything had been enacted by actual persons. After

the crucifixion, however, an image of Our Lord was placed on the ground on Calvario, and a sorrowful chant was sung by the people. Following this, the image was carried back to the church in a solemn, slow procession.

The time was then about one o'clock in the afternoon, under a broiling sun. A number of people, who were quite tired, bought ice-cream cones and took a short cut home.

At three o'clock we had Stations of the Cross in the plaza of the pueblo. This devotion was well attended, and so was the liturgical service of Good Friday, which followed.

After the service, the converted centurion entered to pay homage to the crucified Lord. (At this point, Pontius Pilate walked into the church, unscheduled, to ask what time Mass would be!) The centurion remained prostrate on the church floor until seven in the evening; then the people of the pueblo assembled again to carry the image of Our Lord to Calvary and back.

Many of the men wished to have the privilege of carrying the image. But only those who were practicing Catholics, or gave me assurances that they would take steps to become so, were selected for the honor.

On Holy Saturday night, the vigil service was held at half past ten. Although the hour was most liturgical, it was too much for my poor Indians, who were falling out of the benches from sleep and exhaustion.

On Easter Sunday morning, I gave my first sermon in the Indian language. The people were so astonished that many stood up on their benches to listen more closely. It was a sort of anticlimax to the Holy Week services! But the Indians liked it. ■■

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## Korean Welcome Wagon



By Paul C. Segall, M.M.

**I** DOUBT if there is another place in the world with busses like Korea's busses. I don't mean the comfortable diesels that crisscross large cities such as Seoul. I mean rural busses—the clanking, patched-up variety that ply mountain roads and trundle across valleys like relics from the Land of Oz, filled with lighthearted, fearless countryfolk.

The Korean bus, essentially, is a Welcome Wagon. To board one, is to be smothered with kids, laughter, kindness and vegetables. It is to feel terribly at home, in a homeless way.

The first time I climbed onto a Welcome Wagon was at Ok Chon. The seat next to me was occupied by a handsome bushel of cabbages; above me, seven boys were romping about the ceiling in an amazing display of gymnastics.

The bus refused to move until the driver hopped off, selected a suitable weapon (a stout fence post), and swatted the motor three times. With that, the entire vehicle trembled, emitted a dry, metallic groan, and started to roll in the direction of Chong San.

I glanced across the aisle and noticed that there was something alive, something breathing, in a bag. It lay at the feet of a farmer, who was sucking a fiery clay pipe clamped between his teeth. When the bag began to pant and quiver, the farmer leaned down and loosened the drawstring a bit.

"What's in the bag?" I asked.

"A pig, of course," he replied.

"Of course," I muttered apologetically, burying my face in my breviary.

Korea is noted for its steep moun-

tains. But unfortunately the mountains have roads—narrow paths that coil up one side and down the other. As we rolled down one road at thirty miles an hour, brakes squealing, I hung my head out to admire the view (straight down) and caught sight of a man about a mile ahead of us, running as if he was being chased by some kind of dreadful monster. (He was.) Finally he reached a small siding carved out of the mountain for just such emergencies. As we whipped past, he gave us a little wave and a limp smile, as if to say: "See! I knew I could beat you!"

At the foot of the mountain, a farmer with two huge bags of rice climbed on. He haggled with the ticket boy, arguing that, since he would spend the entire trip sleeping, he should be allowed to travel for half fare.

I listened to this debate for twenty minutes, and then decided to walk the remaining two miles to Chong San. As I jumped from the bus, a young boy leaned out and told me to be sure to ride with them again. I thanked him and said that I was already looking forward to my second bus ride. ■■

# Madonna of the

Madonna of the whispering palms,  
the sighing waves  
and silent sands,  
listen to my plea.

I would not have you encumbered  
by stiff and starched, voluminous  
skirts of velvet and silk,  
trimmed with dainty lace,  
and glistening with the cold fires  
of fancy-colored gems,  
as now you stand on altars,  
fair with the features  
of the fairest in distant lands.  
Your pale beauty is as alien  
as paper flowers fading in your shrines;  
and alien, too, the Infant in your arms.

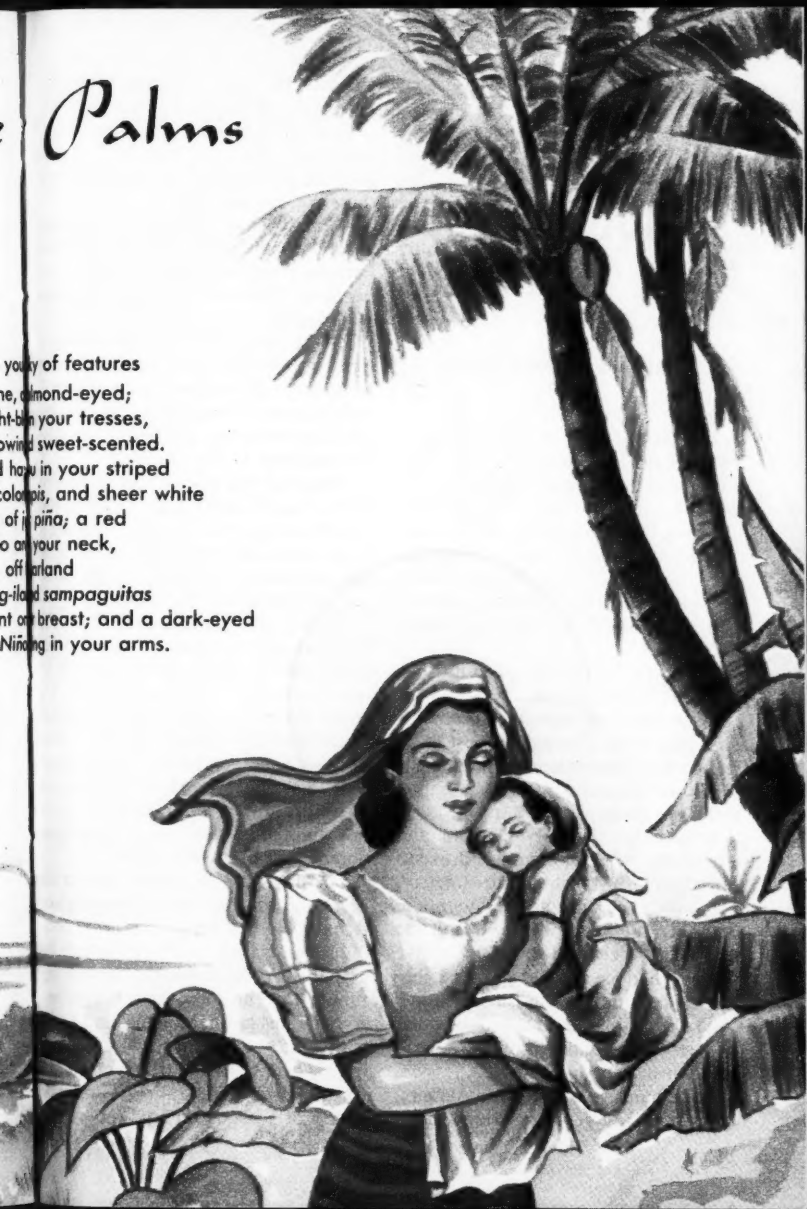
I would have you of f  
like mine, almond  
midnight-blossom your  
long-flowing sweet  
I would have in you  
many-colored, an  
camisa of jipiña;  
pañuelo and your r  
setting off farland  
of ilang-ilang sam  
fragrant and breas  
Santo Niño in y

Madonna of the dancing palms,  
the laughing waves  
and singing sands,  
thus would I have you!  
—Ignacio Francisco



# Palms

young of features  
ne, almond-eyed;  
t-bra your tresses,  
owing sweet-scented.  
I have in your striped  
colopis, and sheer white  
of jipiña; a red  
o on your neck,  
off farland  
g-land sampaguitas  
nt on breast; and a dark-eyed  
Niñang in your arms.



# LATIN BREAKS THE SOUND BARRIER

By Richard M. Quinn, M.M.

**A**S I unvested after the night Mass on the Feast of Corpus Christi, I had a vision of a hot meal waiting for me. When I turned to leave the sacristy, however, I was stopped by Pablo Condorena. A leading layman in Yunguyo, Peru, he had served my Mass. Pablo told me that Ciriaco Aruata, a retired sacristan, was dying and had asked for a priest.

"Will you be able to go to him tomorrow?" Pablo asked.

Because of the intense cold of winter nights here, I thought it best to go right away, since the man might not last until morning. Pablo was happy to be my guide.

Armed with the Holy Viaticum and a kerosene pressure lamp, we drove to the edge of town, behind the cemetery. From there we went up the mountain, on foot. The night was cold, but the lack of oxygen at 12,500 feet above sea level had me puffing, and the steepness of the climb soon had me sweating.

At Ciriaco's house, I asked the other people to leave the room so that I could hear the dying man's confession. I tried Spanish and my poor Aymara, but could not get a reaction out of

Ciriaco. He was breathing all right, but in a deep coma.

I called Pablo and Ciriaco's sister, who shook the dying man while Pablo shouted in his ear in Aymara. But there was no response.

I finally gave Ciriaco conditional absolution and started the formula for Extreme Unction. "*Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini... Dominus vobiscum... Oremus...*"

As the sacred Latin words poured out over Ciriaco, they began to penetrate his subconsciousness. When I was halfway through the first prayer, his hand came up in a feeble but distinct attempt to bless himself.

I stopped the prayer and gave him a blessing in Latin, pronouncing the words loudly and distinctly, tracing a large cross over his head. At that time his response was definite, and he made a complete sign of the cross.

Having dragged him back from the misty shadows, I quickly tried to get some sign of contrition. In answer to the questions I asked in Aymara, his hand came up slowly to strike his breast. Quickly I administered absolution without condition. Ciriaco was able to swallow the Host with the aid of a little water. After Extreme Unction and the Last Blessing, Pablo Condorena and I returned home.

The next day I wondered about the Latin and what it had meant to Ciriaco Aruata. He had died near one o'clock in the morning, without having regained full consciousness. It was fortunate that he knew two languages: Aymara, his mother tongue, and Latin, with which he had grown familiar during his twenty-five years of serving the Church as a sacristan in Assumption Parish of Yunguyo, Peru. ■■

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## THE ORPHANS FINIA

**J**UST DOWN the road from our mission, here in the Hokkaido town of Shizunai, is the *Bo-shi-ryo*; literally, the mother-and-child shelter. The town maintains this semi-orphanage for fatherless children whose mothers must work at whatever jobs they can find, to support themselves and children.

When we first moved to Shizunai, it did not take long for child curiosity to bring the children around to investigate their new neighbors. When they discovered that the neighbors were friendly and could speak Japanese, it wasn't long before we were adopted.

The day I arrived, I was greeted by the amusing sight of the pastor, Father Irwin Nugent, surrounded by a swarm of "helping" children as he tried to clean up a little of the debris around our new chapel.

At first each of us was called *Ojisan* (Uncle) as are most Japanese elders by the very young. Then one day Father Nugent explained to his friends that a priest's title is *Shinpu* (Spiritual Father). Thereafter woe betide the newcomer from among the neighborhood's children who dared to greet one of us as "Uncle"! A half dozen of the more knowledgeable youngsters would im-

mediately descend on the culprit and let it be known in no uncertain terms that the title was not "Uncle" but "Father"! After a while, it became much more than a mere title.

A start came when two or three youngsters got curious about evening devotions for the catechist, cook and us. Soon every night, at night prayers, we had a chapelful of children—all pagans. Father Nugent organized them into a Sunday school with Miss Yoshida, the catechist, as a doctrine teacher.

About this time we received, in a package from home, a bingo set. For the Japanese tots, it was love at first sight! Children all the world over like games, but soon grow tired of the same one—not the Japanese. If we would let them, they would play bingo every night. Prizes are unnecessary; it's the game that counts.

Packages of old, and not so old, clothing, mostly children's, began to arrive from American benefactors, in the U. S. and in Japan through service chaplains stationed there. Father Nugent sorted the clothing and gave appropriate articles to those in the most need. One little fellow now sports the



## IA FATHER

By Walter T. Kelleher, M.M.

*They were strangers,  
then uncles;  
now they're called Fathers.*

top of a discarded Little League uniform as he plays in the mission yard.

When winter came, so did a check for charity. Father Nugent startled a local storekeeper when he walked in like a Pied Piper, leading a small troop of children in quest of needed mittens, scarfs, and earmuffs. We gave them their first Christmas party, with candy, cookies, and other goodies received from home. With the coming of spring, we found ourselves taking them to the movies when something edifying came to town. We hiked down to the beach, or up into the hills, berry picking.

Father Nugent discovered that the swing in a tiny, neighborhood park was about to be removed, to make way for a lumberyard. Father offered to re-erect the swing on church property, so the children would still have a playground, an offer which was readily accepted.

By this time we had bought balls, bats, badminton sets, jump ropes, and

even adjustable basketball backboards, to keep our little friends happy and out of mischief. Several times mothers dropped in to thank us for our solicitude for their children, especially the "house mother" who is the baby sitter for the rest of the mothers while they are away at work. Her job is lighter now that she knows that the boys and girls can usually be found at the church.

Once in a while, one of the mothers comes to ask Father Nugent to speak to her willful child about some misconduct. At school the teachers have remarked a change for the better in some of their charges since our coming to town—due, no doubt, to the grace of God, and certainly not to any feeble efforts of ours. We do go to the children's athletic events and cheer them on, and we are available to listen to their troubles and help them when we can.

Father Nugent's grey hairs inspire confidence and respect in these young boys and girls. As he brings them closer to God, it is quite obvious that these fatherless children have found a father at the church—a spiritual one —Father Nugent. ■■

**Jewelry Can Build Missions!** Your old gold, jewelry or precious stones, converted into mission money, can feed the hungry, heal the sick, shelter the unfortunate. Locketts, pins, cuff links—perhaps useless to you—mean the difference between life and death to people in mission lands. Please send them to: Maryknoll, N. Y.

## Love—the Missioner's Arsenal

By Charles M. Magsam, M.M.

**O**NLY A PERSON of deep faith and great love can be a good missioner. Without genuine faith and adult love, even great natural ability is of little value. Naturalism—judging things by natural standards and acting for mere natural reasons—is the road to discouragement and failure.

It is Christ whom the missioner must deeply love. Christ whom he gives to his people, and Christ who is his strength and his consolation—Christ and Him crucified. To really love people is to be nailed to the cross with Christ.

But the cross takes surprising shapes. What the missioner expects to be hardship turns out to be something one gets used to. What he could never expect to be any bother at all, turns out to be the thing that leaves him lonely and discouraged. In the end, either his faith is purified and his love enlarged to great compassion, or the native pagans will convert him to their own weaknesses. That is to say, he will be scandalized by the weaknesses of his people.

All the more important, therefore, are great depth and solidity in the missioner's spiritual resources. All the more important is the Cloister of Maryknoll, more truly does it become the heart of Maryknoll. All the more important are all the cloistered com-

munities of the world and all the prayers of the thousands of friends of the missions.

The seminarians in their daily prayers for the missions have already begun their most important mission work. Every missioner in the homeland standing at the altar is doing his mission work by offering the essential holy sacrifice that gives fruit to the work of fellow missioners in the field.

Hand reaches out to hand from altar to altar around the world. Heart speaks to heart across a thousand differences in the sorrows and joys of bittersweet love. Through the bonds of friendship forged in the seminary and deepened on the missions, Christ's love becomes the father that touches pagan hearts to Christian life. Because they are loved, people begin to be the persons they had scarcely dared to dream of being.

Only through the missioner's love, given without limit and without distinction of persons, do mission peoples learn the meaning of themselves and the meaning of God. The missioner's love, implementing the love of God, is creative and life-giving.

Love also makes a missioner highly vulnerable. And the greater his love, the more vulnerable he is. The more he loves, the more open he is to being imposed upon and taken in, in spite of

prudence and experience, since love must trust if it is going to heal. He may even be maligned by the rogues and schemers who do not get their way anymore because they cannot match the force of the missionary's truth and love. And in the storms of violence that are sweeping over the world, the missionary's love binds him inseparably to the tragedy of his people, even to suffering the ravages of war and the stench of jails, as witness Bishop James E. Walsh in his prison in Shanghai. This love is not afraid to get its clothes dirty, is not afraid to bleed and die.

Mission work must go on because love must go on, because the blood of Christ has not yet sufficiently reached the hearts of the world's pagans. And the cross is inseparable from love that is a selfless giving. As Christ did not come down from the cross, so neither can the missionary come down. In fact, the forces of evil, the subtle deceptions, and the cruel disregard of human persons have such power that only the enduring and deeper dynamism of Christianity can ride out the storm.

Missioners everywhere are the outposts of Christianity where the forces of evil and deception are maneuvering for power. In propagating Christ and defending Christ, the missionaries are defending the free world with the eternal weapons of truth and love. Please God, we shall not need to learn again that through Christ God keeps His control of the world. We need not be scandalized, as were the people of Our Lord's time, that He renounced all manifestations of external power and glory, save miracles, and chose the power of truth and love.

Or have we really learned?

As God used the pagan Assyrians to

punish and purify the Israelites, so God may use the pagans of our time to punish and purify Christians for their lack of faith and their infidelities. In any case, we can all stand a thorough cleansing from our sins and imperfections.

We all need to make reparation. We need faith that sees beyond our immediate horizon, our immediate neighborhood, parish, country or race. We need the love that is as unlimited as the depths of our immediate neighbor's need, and as far-reaching as the most remote pagan. Through the full truth of the gospel and through the fullness of a sacramental life, all must be touched by the blood of Christ. In short, all must become one in the Mystical Body. ■ ■

#### MR. MOTO SAYS:



*"Be ready to bend in your opinion. Willows break not under the snow."*



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# Trapped in the Mountains



**F**IVE of us—Father; Brother Francis; Mrs. Li, our aide; Joseph Yuan, our driver; and I—climbed into the Mobile Clinic and headed for the mountains of Taiwan. Rain began softly as we reached Pear Mountain. It was almost seven P.M. when we topped the summit above our village, and rain was coming down heavily. Men were waiting to carry microscopes and medicine bags for us.

Mass, Benediction, a hot supper the women made for us, an entertainment of tribal dances—thus we ended our day. Mrs. Li and I had a room in one of the houses; we slept Japanese style, on the mat floor. It rained all night.

At six A.M. Father said Mass. The people began to come to the clinic at seven. The chief was our first customer; he was pretty healthy, but his good example encouraged others. By noon we

had treated at least seventy patients.

"We'll have to start back," Father warned.

Progress was slow; we stopped often to remove rocks and small trees. In one pass the wind was a gale. Even our calm aborigine friends were alarmed. Mud was flowing down the mountain-sides like molten lava. Thirty miles farther on we came to a washout.

"Let's go back to Bracelet Mountain Village," we said. We turned. It took an hour to churn through ten miles of mud. Then the clinic stopped dead. It was out of gas.

Father Statham, Joseph, and a villager walked back to a road workers' hostel, got a tin of gas, and returned. But the clinic wouldn't budge. It was ten P.M. We decided to stay in the clinic and try to sleep.

When I got up at dawn, Joseph was already out repairing the clinic. He was numb with cold, and the work was difficult. It was midmorning before we were off. Ten miles farther on, we stopped again. Giant trees and a landslide completely obstructed the road to Bracelet Mountain Village.

We got out, and Joseph asked, "What about the barrack we passed?"

"Yes, that's a police barrack," Father answered. "We'll go there."

We reached it and found the policemen weren't there; but their cook, Mr. Ch'en, made us welcome. What a lift hot tea and steaming rice gave!

"I'll walk back to the village for food, and then on to Taichung for help," Father Statham said as he left us.

That was Saturday. Villagers brought food that afternoon. Sunday and Monday we waited. Road workers passed by, headed towards the landslide; and later we heard blasts of dynamite. By

Tuesday we were all eager to be off. We knew there was plenty of medical work we could be doing at Bracelet Mountain Village. By 11 A.M. we decided to try to reach the village, but first Mr. Ch'en made us eat dinner. Then we started the clinic into the hills. At blocked points the road workers teamed up to open alleys for us to squeeze by. We reached the village about one P.M., and opened the clinic for patients.

We were tending our fiftieth patient when we heard a helicopter. I saw it drop a flare, and I was afraid that would start a forest fire. Wing Kee, patient number fifty-one, made signs to me not to be alarmed, and said clearly, "Only smokey, only smokey."

The helicopter turned, headed back, and landed in a clearing. Lieutenant John E. Carroll and Sergeant Joaquin Reclosado, of the marines, climbed down. "We're here to take you out. Can you be ready in five minutes?"

Father Statham was with them. He must have been exhausted, but he said to Joseph: "I'll drive the clinic back. You go along in the 'copter."

We got aboard. The helicopter lifted and headed north to Taipei. Lt. Carroll explained that marine helicopters were in the area to transport President Eisenhower from his ship in Keelung to Chung Shan airport. They got word of our troubles while waiting for the President, and Major Acquilla M. Blaydes organized the rescue. We met and thanked the major at the airport.

It was over quickly then. We boarded a train and sped home to Changua. It was good to see our Sisters' faces searching the train for us at the station. They gave us a real Maryknoll welcome. ■■





**Problem:** How to save a despondent population from destroying itself.

**Solution:** By daily "live" radio and television broadcasts beamed to two thirds of Japan, many troubled people are urged to contact the station and discuss their problems with Maryknoll's Father Hyatt.

"When people here say they are contemplating suicide, they usually mean it," says Father James F. Hyatt, M.M., of Seattle, Washington.

Because of these programs, this veteran Maryknoller has been able to save many Japanese bent on destroy-

ing themselves. Some of them have come into the Church through this initial contact with this American priest.

This achievement is one of the many solutions to the daily challenges that confront young Maryknollers. Did you ever think of yourself in a similar role?

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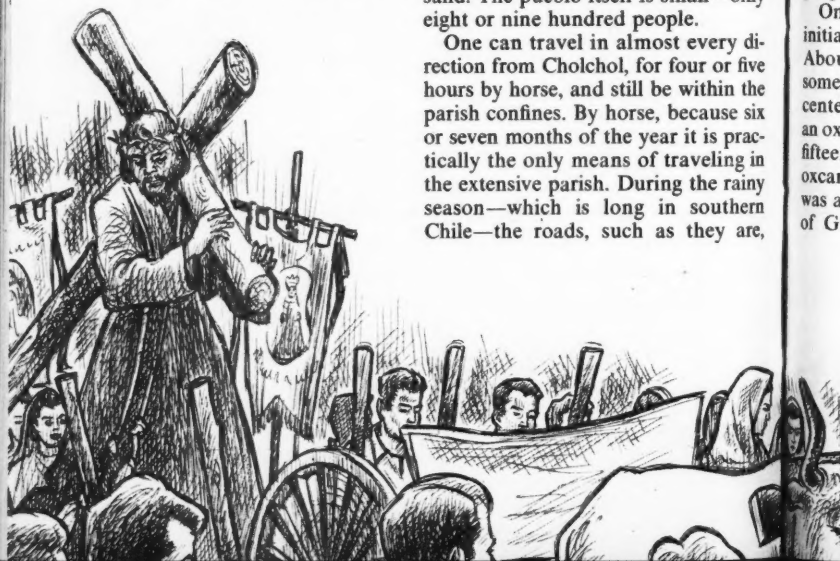
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*Chileans love a parade.  
This one topped anything  
Cholchol town had ever seen.*

By Arthur J. Dwyer, M.M.

# FATHER PEYTON COMES TO CHOLCHOL



**A** BIG day at Cholchol? Why, we have never seen anything like it," replied an old-timer when he was asked about the oxcart procession that initiated the Family Rosary campaign in this Chilean parish.

It had started when Father Fred Hegarty, pastor of Cholchol, asked Father Peyton what Cholchol could do to help his Rosary crusade.

"It is just the parish I have been looking for," said Father Peyton. "Besides the campaign I have planned for Santiago, I want an experiment in a country parish in Chile, and Cholchol seems ideal."

Situated some six hundred miles south of Santiago in the country of the Mapuchi Indians—the strong, warlike Chileans who were never conquered by the Spanish—is the parish of Cholchol. Seventy-five per cent of the parish is Indian. There are some of Spanish descent in this parish of ten thousand. The pueblo itself is small—only eight or nine hundred people.

One can travel in almost every direction from Cholchol, for four or five hours by horse, and still be within the parish confines. By horse, because six or seven months of the year it is practically the only means of traveling in the extensive parish. During the rainy season—which is long in southern Chile—the roads, such as they are,

often are completely washed out. Many stories are told of how horse and rider have drowned in mud and water, in the rainy season.

The Indians of Cholchol are isolated. Most have a little piece of land, a one-room straw hut, a few pigs and sheep. They don't starve, but they suffer greatly from lack of medical help, sufficient sanitary precautions. They ignore man's advancement in practically all the fields of human endeavor. Many are not even baptized. Religiously many are starving. The Rosary campaign is one answer to their spiritual hunger.

The parish has been divided into thirty centers. At each center it is planned to show a movie on the fifteen mysteries. Ox carts will carry projectors, generators, and films from place to place. Catechists and leaders in each center will help show the movies, explain the mysteries, and teach the people how to say the Rosary.

On December 12, the campaign was initiated with a rally in the pueblo. About four thousand people came—some from twenty miles away. Fifteen centers were chosen; each decorated an ox cart float, representing one of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. An ox cart float of Our Lady of Fatima was added. On the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, these floats paraded

through the streets of Cholchol. Men followed the carts depicting the Glorious Mysteries; women, the Sorrowful; and children, the Joyous. Three bands, 400 mounted men, and 4,000 farmers marched. Bishop Machaca, of Temuco, led the procession through Cholchol's streets.

Worth seeing were a young Mapuchi girl, receiving the annunciation of the Archangel Gabriel, the strong, bronzed torso of an Indian motionless before the pillar of the scourging; a simple, silent, Indian woman, receiving the crown as Queen of Heaven. The directness and the profound meaning of it all brought tears to the eyes of the bishop as he witnessed the faith of his flock in representing the joys, sorrows, and glories of Christ.

The dust in the streets was plentiful that day. But all were heedless of the dust. They were manifesting their belief in realities where dust and mud didn't matter.

After the procession six discourses were given by parishioners selected for the occasion. They spoke in earthy language, well understood by the people, on the necessity of prayer, prayer in the family, the Family Rosary. The rally broke up then. Thousands of Indians, feeling an indefinable contentment and peace, went their separate ways home. ■ ■





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**For Kenya's Bakuria women, brass arm bands and wooden ear plugs are chic!**

**A**s tribes, colonies and territories through sub-Sahara Africa plunge toward independence. Americans reading their daily newspapers may be tempted to believe that all Africans are throwing off the old ways to embrace the new. On the contrary. In many areas, entire tribes are resisting the present in favor of the past. You'll meet some of them on the following pages. They know the meaning of words like freedom, unity and progress. But they feel that these Western concepts can be achieved without conforming to Western customs, ornaments, dress and hair styles.



## **Africa's Nonconformists**

**Tall, elegant Masai warriors are Beau Brummells of the Tanganyikan bush.**

**LIBERATOR**



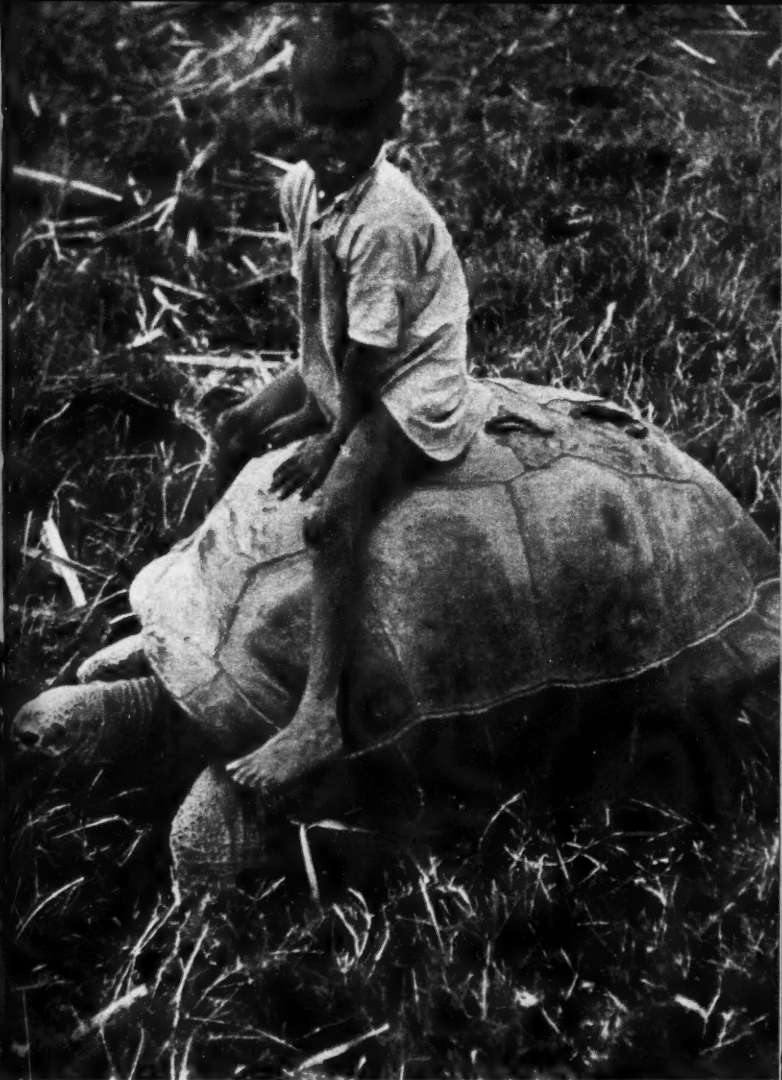
BASKERVILLE

**Two of East Africa's largest tribes are the Luo (above), devotees of the community beer party, and Wasukuma (below), famous for colorful dances.**

WOHEAD



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**Ride 'em, bush boy! Musumbiti tots of Tanganyika climb onto giant water turtles for the same reason that American boys saddle up on palomino ponies.**

**BASKERVILLE**





**Bakuria girl, Tanganyika**



**Nandi elder, Kenya**

Faces of the new Africa vividly reflect the customs and traditions of an era that existed centuries before colonialism. Tribes that continue to cling to the old patterns are not rejecting

self-government. They are merely cherishing their culture and asserting their individualism—two democratic ideals that enhance, rather than impair, the growth of the human family. ■■

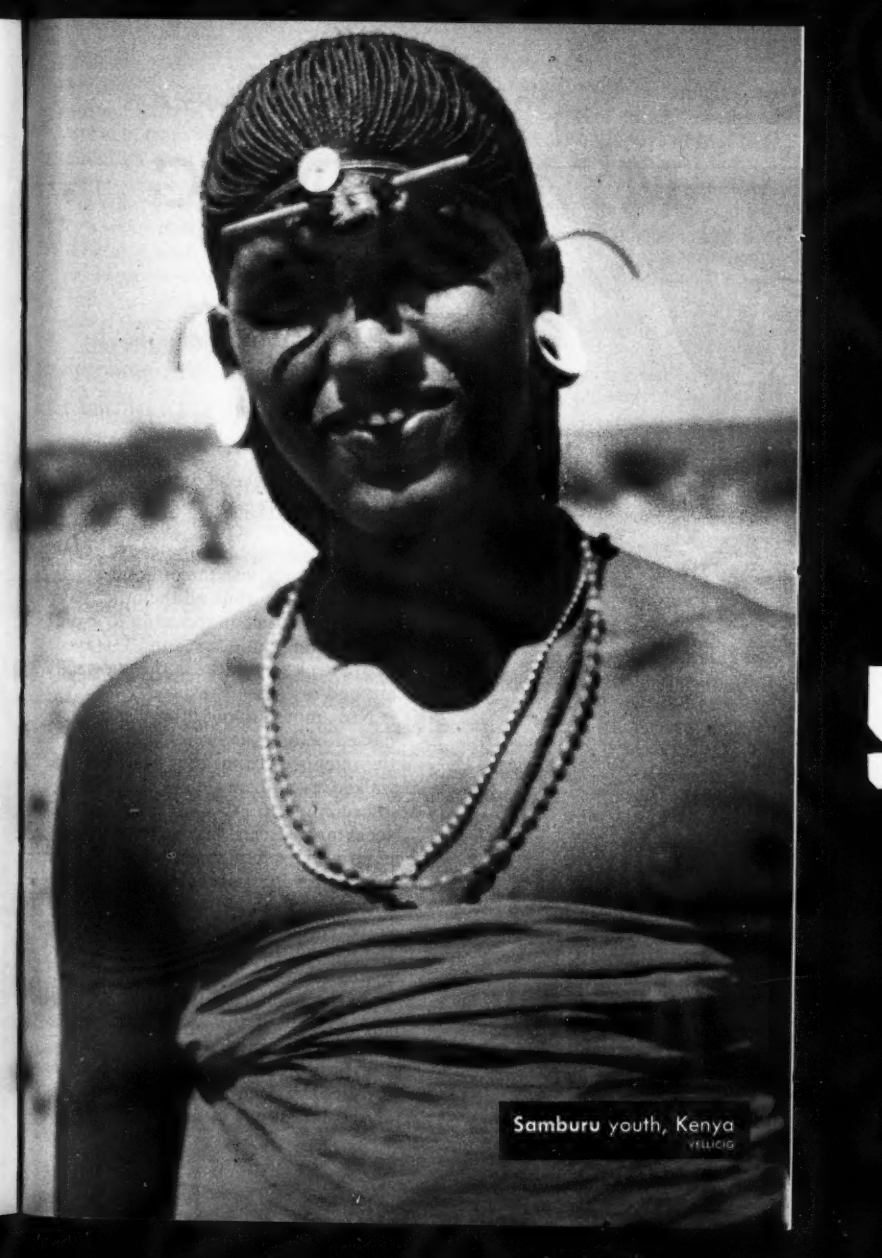


**Watutsi teen-ager, Ruanda**



**Xhosa boy, South Africa**






Samburu youth, Kenya  
YELUCIG

By Jerome F. Murphy, M.M.

# MY DROWNING BROTHER

*A missionary struggles to  
save the life of a stranger  
and finds an affinity.*



IT was a bright, calm day. Sister Mary Kim and I were on our way by ferry to one of the several islands under Maryknoll's care, off the coast of Incheon, Korea. I was the only foreigner on board; and while all the other passengers remained in the cabin to avoid the burning, midday sun, I stayed above deck to breathe in the good salt air, and say some Breviary.

Not more than fifteen minutes passed before a man in his late twenties stepped from the passageway, walked over to my chair, and introduced himself. As soon as I started speaking Korean, his dark eyes glittered, and his thin, sensitive face broke into a friendly smile.

For several minutes we chatted together—small talk, mostly—but I had the feeling that some kind of deeper relationship could easily be achieved. Then the man turned from me abruptly and walked to the rear of the boat. Slightly perplexed, I returned to my Breviary. Twice I glanced at him over my shoulder. He was standing hunched at the rail about twenty yards away,

MARYKNOLL

apparently enjoying the sun and salt air, as much as I.

Then, from somewhere below deck, a high-pitched woman's voice shouted, "Man overboard!"

I whirled around. There, in the ferry's wake, downstream, was my young Korean friend. It was obvious that he could not swim. I tore off my collar and coat and was ready to dive in, when the boat turned sharply.

I lost sight of him. As I ran to the opposite side of the boat, I had to push my way through a knot of passengers who had rushed up from below deck.

The ferry plied slowly through the waves, backtracking. I knelt on the deck and scanned the water. There several yards out, and only a few feet below the surface, was a dim, shadow-image! I dove into the water. After what seemed a small eternity, I grabbed a handful of clothing, clutched hard, and dragged the body to the surface.

I trod water while the ferry circled back. Several men, armed with ropes and poles, were clinging to the outside rail, waiting to haul us aboard. On deck I began artificial respiration immediately. As water spilled from the man's lungs, his breathing became steady and strong. I was certain he was going to live.

I looked up once at Sister Mary Kim, and I could practically read the prayers moving across her lips. Ten minutes passed. Though still unconscious, the man stirred, and I thought to myself that soon he would groan, and then he would sit up and speak.

But suddenly, as when someone blows at the flame of a candle, his breathing began to flutter. Intervals became long, irregular. Then his breathing stopped.

Sister Mary Kim was standing by me with a bowl of water. I baptized the youth hurriedly, turned him over onto his back, and started mouth-to-mouth respiration. I breathed deeply into his mouth; his lungs responded, leaping to life. I kept repeating this, and each time there was an encouraging response—until suddenly his throat tightened up, his body trembled once, his lungs grew still. The candle went out.

The ferry captain tried to pull me away from the still body. I kept telling the captain that he had no right to interfere, that perhaps I could still breathe life into him. I didn't want to accept the fact that this young man whom I had met so casually, liked so immediately, and dragged from the sea—was no more.

Then I heard Sister Mary Kim whispering into my ear: "He is dead, Father. You cannot help him now."

The captain finished searching the man's pockets. When he told me that there wasn't a thing to indicate who he was, or where he was going, I wasn't surprised. No one on the ferry knew him. And when we reached the pier five minutes later, no one was waiting for him. He left the world a stranger.

I stood up and looked out over the Korean horizon. In spite of the warm sun I was shivering uncontrollably, and I knew that I was crying and that people were looking at me. But it really didn't matter. I was certain that although his death rose up from the muddy water of the Yellow Sea, life was now his through the water of baptism.

And I? Without surrendering to sentiment, I feel now as I felt then, that I have intimately, eternally close to me—a Korean brother. ■ ■



## OUR SILENT PARTNERS

By Jeremiah J. Brennan, M.M.

*Effects of sacrifices and prayers are felt a continent away.*

**A**s an assistant at Maryknoll's parish in Chillan, Chile, I see daily the results of prayers said by people at home. I know that, by their spiritual and material help, they are sharing in the work of bringing souls closer to God.

Things happen that are surely the result of God's grace. A main means of this grace are the sacrifices of friends. Recently, for example, I was given the name of a couple in our parish. Although living together and the parents of four children, they had never been married by a priest. Last Friday I paid a visit to the home of this couple.

They said they had wanted to speak to a priest.

There was no particular reason why I chose to make my visit last Friday; but as things turned out, it was surely by the grace of God. The visit itself was profitable, for Olympia and Hector agreed to come to the rectory to complete the details of being married in the church.

Then, as I was leaving their house, a lady from across the street called to me. I went over—and from the doorway I saw some candles grouped around a simple, wooden coffin resting upon a plain, wooden table. I went

inside—and what poverty! The one room had only two beds in a corner, and the table with the coffin resting upon it.

The woman explained that the deceased was her father-in-law and that he had received the sacraments in the hospital before he died. I asked if the family had made any arrangements for the funeral Mass. She said that they were not able to afford one.

I explained to the good woman that we would arrange to have a funeral Mass the next day, and that the family need not worry about paying for anything. I said that I would return again that evening to say prayers. When the woman heard this, her eyes lit up with genuine gratitude, for when she called me over, I am sure she was hoping that I would say a few prayers for Francisco, her father-in-law.

That same evening I returned to the house. The family was present and a goodly number of the neighbors. The only light was from the candles. Charcoal braziers provided heat, but also served to melt the frost that had been on the ground. Since the floor of the house was the good earth, the underfooting became a bit slippery.

After reciting the prayers, I met Miguel, the son of the deceased man. He spoke of his father with great respect and love. He had a favor to ask. His father had said the Rosary every night on his fingers, since he did not own a pair of beads. Miguel wondered if I had a rosary that he might place in his father's hands there in the wooden coffin.

I said that I had. However, I suggested that his father might prefer that he, Miguel, keep the rosary and use it each night to pray with his fam-

ily in memory of his father, instead of burying it in the ground. Miguel agreed that this was a good idea.

The funeral Mass was planned for the following day. I was in church when I heard the sound of band music coming down the street. I thought it meant some kind of parade. But it was the funeral procession with Francisco's body in the wooden coffin.

Up front was a four-piece band. They stopped outside the church. Miguel hastened to explain that he worked for a small circus in a neighboring town. The band was made up of his circus friends, who were donating their services on a friendly basis.

When it was time for Mass, I gave the signal to Miguel, and Francisco's body was carried into the church. I had explained that it would be better if the band did not play during the Mass. This was a precaution, because a funeral of this type marks the first time that some of the men have been in a church since they were carried in for their baptism.

After the final blessing, the coffin was carried outside, and the procession formed for the walk to the cemetery. I could hear the circus band strike up a catchy tune. Miguel, with tears in his eyes, came to thank me again for the kindness shown to his father.

I hope that all who are helping us will realize that their prayers and material help made possible this kindness to Francisco, the father, and to Miguel, the son. Surely it was through God's grace, through prayer, that I learned of Francisco's death. Surely it is through the material help of friends back home that I am able to work here in Chillan. ■ ■

# *This Wonderful A*



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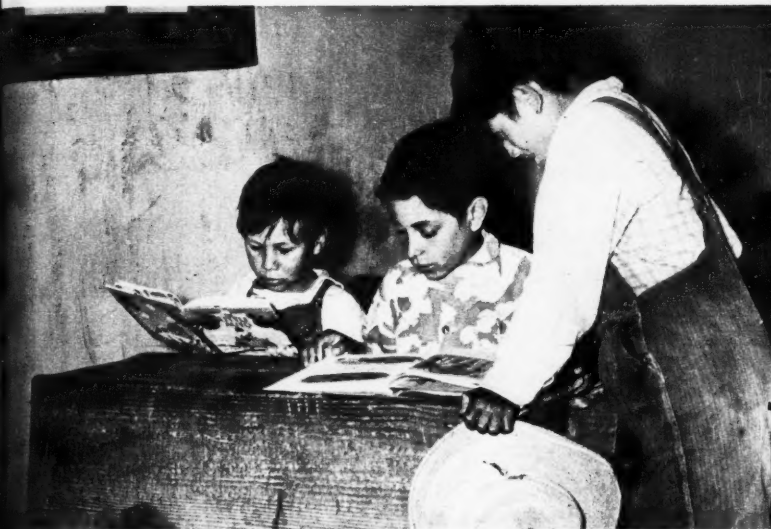
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# Adventure of Learning



**New worlds** have opened to these Mexican boys who have learned to read.

*Blessed is the one who shall open new pathways  
for those who sit in the darkness of ignorance;  
blessed is the one who carries the light of wisdom.*

**O**NE OUT OF every two people in the world today can neither read nor write. One out of every two children in the world today cannot go to school simply because there are not enough schools. Put these two facts together, and the prognosis for the future is that the illiteracy rate will continue about the same in the next generation.

Where illiteracy exists, there one

finds poverty and malnutrition. These lead to disease and physical handicaps. For example, there are more blind in the city of Calcutta than there are in the whole of Canada.

Missioners are fighting these enemies of mankind on many fronts. It is difficult to describe the satisfaction that comes when the world of learning is opened to eager minds.

**Admiration** and interest are in the look given to Father Coy in Bolivia.



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**The handicapped.** Teaching the world's needy who have lost limbs (left) or the use of limbs (above) or the gift of sight (below) is a corporal work of mercy of the highest order. This is Christ's charity in action.





**In an African hut, Father William J. Murphy teaches the truths of Christ.**

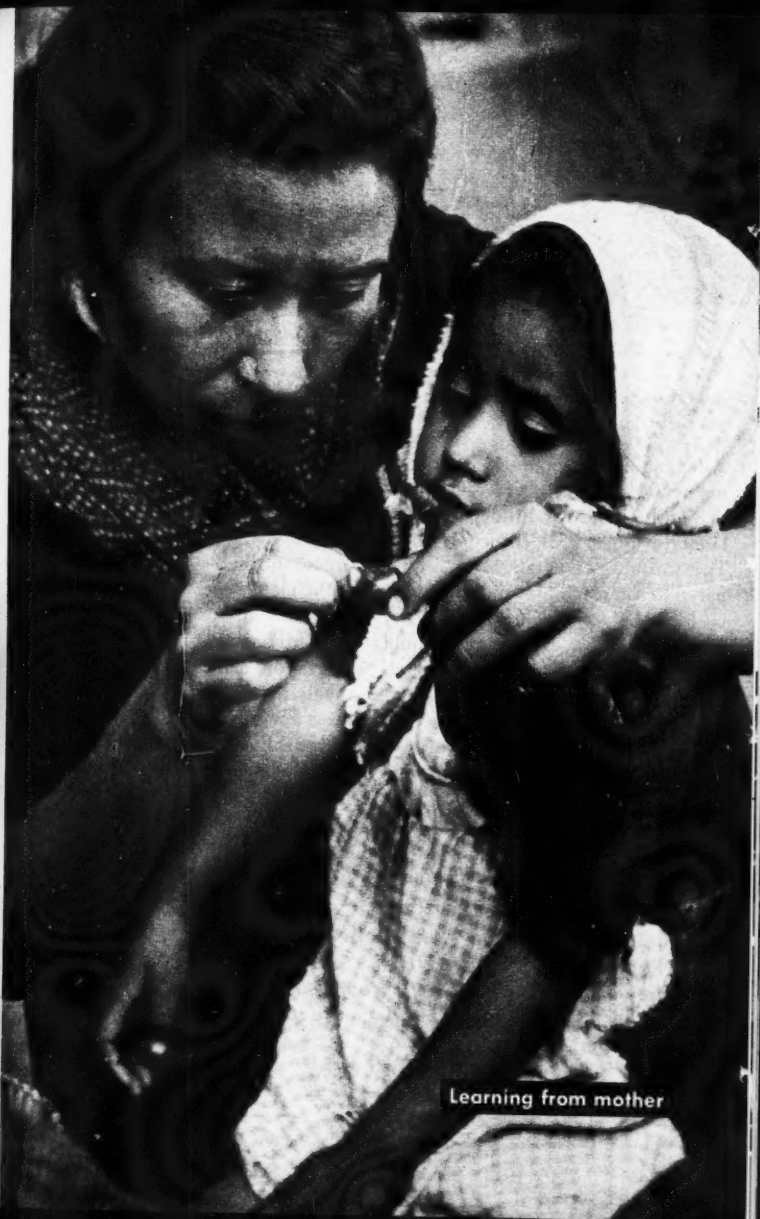
THE GREATEST IGNORANCE is that of the spirit. While the missionary helps people in body, while he opens minds to the world of education, his primary function is to teach men about God. Knowledge of God is true riches.

Yet twenty centuries after the birth of Christ, one and one-half billion people do not know Him. This should be of serious concern to every Catholic. To leave people in spiritual illiteracy, because there are not enough teachers, is no answer to God. ■■

**As a seminarian, Father John Meehan conducted released-time catechetics.**



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Learning from mother

# The Smile of a Well-Fed Child...



**T**HERE is hardly anything as rewarding as the smile on the face of a hungry child after his little frame has been fortified with sufficient food. The world is his oyster! He is prepared to romp and play until he burns up his energy and comes running for more food. How wonderful it would be if we could tell you that the children in all areas covered by Maryknollers are well-fed and strong.

The truth is, in certain parts of South America and Asia, hunger and destitution are commonplace, due largely to the earthquakes and tidal waves that befell those areas during the past year. We have been doing

everything possible to help these unfortunate people, as our means permit.

Since Maryknoll has no money of its own, there is only one place for us to look for help—that is to YOU and to the many other self-sacrificing people like you. We know that you have your problems at home, and any sacrifice you make, for those less fortunate than yourself, comes from the heart. Will you help replace a tear with a smile, and a hovel with a home, by a donation to the Maryknoll Charity Fund?

For your charity, you will be remembered in the Masses and prayers of Maryknoll priests everywhere.

## The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York

*Dear Fathers:*

*Here is \$..... for your Charity Fund. I wish to help the poor, hungry, and homeless in mission lands.*

Name .....

Address .....

City.....Zone.....State.....

# Letters

## *Of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

### **Indian Mix-up**

This is not a criticism of your fine magazine but your cover artist made an error in depicting Father De Smet talking to Sitting Bull. Although Sitting Bull was a Sioux, the Indian who sits opposite Father De Smet is a Crow in every manner of dress. The error is worse because the Sioux and Crow nations have been the bitterest enemies for many generations. It's like using a picture of a Nazi staff officer and calling him an English army officer.

EDWARD S. DAVID

*Pease AFB, N.H.*

■ *Our apologies to any Sioux readers.*

### **Increase**

We are sending fifteen dollars now since there has been a little girl added to our family. This is one dollar for each in our family and we wish to send you this amount each month.

SYLVESTER AND LUELLA STEINKE  
*Wapakoneta, Ohio*

### **Big Gift**

I have made two dollars for the catechist's books to complete his tool chest. I sometimes read the want ads so I saw this ad. I made it by putting grass clippings on my grandfather's roses and by cutting the grass. I am nine years of age and in the fifth grade.

MARTIN MCGEE

*River Forest, Ill.*

APRIL, 1961

### **Power of Pictures**

Since I last wrote you, I have lost my husband, and although I continued to receive your magazine, somehow I just didn't care one way or another. Then the last magazine came along with the article "My Brother Has a Way with Him," and showed pictures of Father Thomas Melville. Usually we see pictures of priests in their vestments or cassocks, but seeing Father Tom in his work clothes, and so obviously happy among the people he serves, I felt I just had to be a Maryknoll sponsor again and feel a part of that happy Maryknoll family. Why is it a picture could make a change in a person's attitude toward life?

NAME WITHHELD

*Bridgeport, W. Va.*

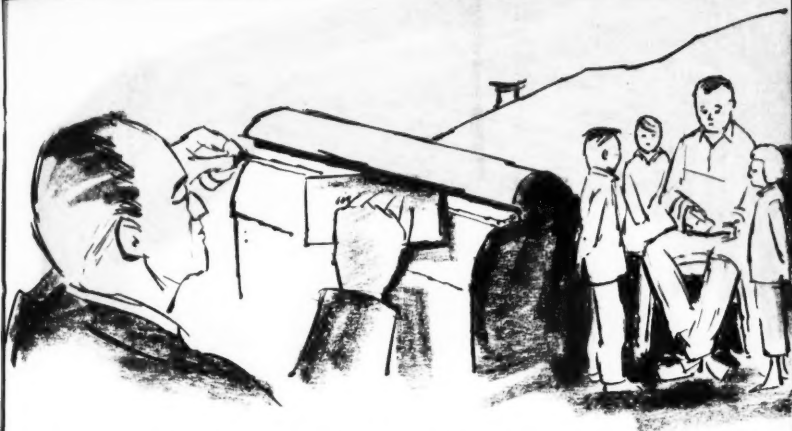
### **Colonialism**

I am concerned that you printed without opposing comment the statement of Mboya that he could say nothing favorable about colonialism. Being a Catholic is not, to my mind, the sole qualification to be asked when relying on another's word. Where would Africa be today without the help of more-modern nations? There is much to be said for colonials, and it was not said. I enjoy your publication very much and hope it keeps its excellence.

MONEY LUCKETT

*Clarksdale, Miss.*





## What Is Mr. Fu Doing?

The envelope he is dropping into the mail box with such a happy contented look contains a letter of "thank you" to those here at home who have made it possible for him to devote all of his time to teaching the children of the village the love of God and love of neighbor. He is a catechist—the right hand of the missionary—the man with his own family to support whom the missionary absolutely depends upon to help him spread God's word. More like Mr. Fu are needed. But our missionaries need your help to support them and their families. The monthly salary of a catechist is \$20. Can you contribute all or part of this sum?

MARYKNOLL FATHERS / Maryknoll, New York

4-61

Dear Fathers,

I enclose \$ . . . . . to help provide for a catechist in the mission land I have circled below.

NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . .

CITY . . . . . ZONE . . . . . STATE . . . . .

KOREA	JAPAN	HONG KONG	FORMOSA	PHILIPPINES	CHILE
HAWAII	YUCATAN	GUATEMALA	PERU	BOLIVIA	AFRICA

# Who will take his place?



**Father Francis Mulligan** was a popular New Jersey athlete who turned down a professional sports career to join Maryknoll. He was assigned to the Orient as a missionary, forced out by Japanese in early part of World War II.

Re-assigned to Chile to work among farming people, he quickly won the love of his new flock. One night, the rectory caught on fire. He perished in the blaze before help arrived.



## Christ belongs to ALL the human race



